Went through the armie chearing vp the ſouldiers.
King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that *I* was wont to haue:
Set it downe. *Is* ynke and paper readie?
Rat. *It* is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent,
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. *I* by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that, the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbritrement
Of bloodie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which *I* would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes;
But on thy ſide *I* may not bee too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George,
Be executed in thy fathers ſight.
Farwell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ſeremonious vows of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred frinds ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adue, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich. Good Lord conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe

Looke on my forces with a gracious
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons
That they may cruſh downe with a
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſ
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſemen
That we may praiſe thee in thy victo
To thee I do commend my watchfu
Ere *I* let fall the windowes of mine e
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me
Enter the ghoſt of prince Ed, ſonn
Ghoſt to K. Ri. Let me ſit heauie on
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my p
At *T*eukesbury: diſpaire therefore
To Rich. Be cheereful Richmond,
Of butchred Princes fight in thy be
King Henries iſſue Richmond com
Enter the Ghoſt of Henr
Ghoſt to K. Ri. When *I* was mortall
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the *T*ower, and me: diſp
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be t
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhould
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue
Enter the Ghoſt of Cl
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoul
I that was waſht to death with fulſon
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray
To morrow in the battell thinke on
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpair
To Rich. *T*hou offſpring of the hou
The wronged heires of Yorke do pr
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, G
Riu. Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan,
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute